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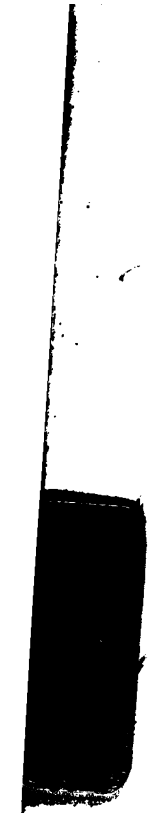

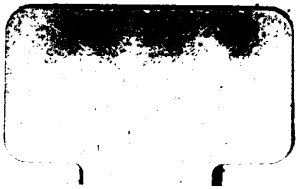

Lodge.
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The Old Cider Mill

1 C

The Old Cider Mill

By James Arthur Lodge

Illustrated by A. H. Reading

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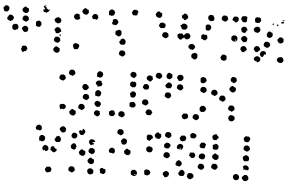

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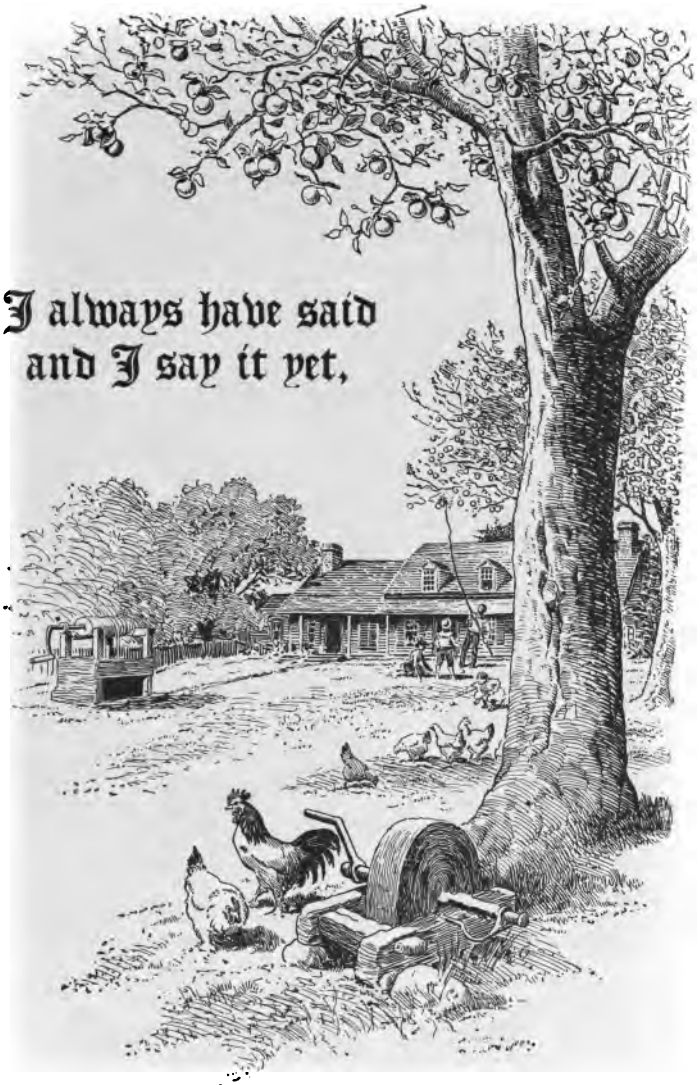
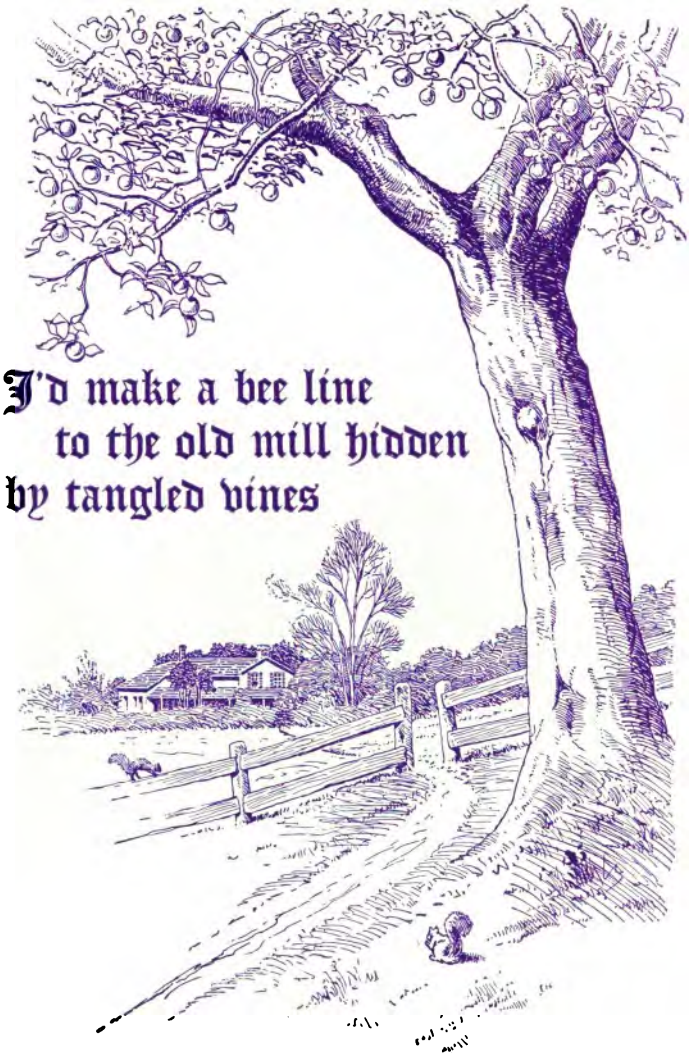
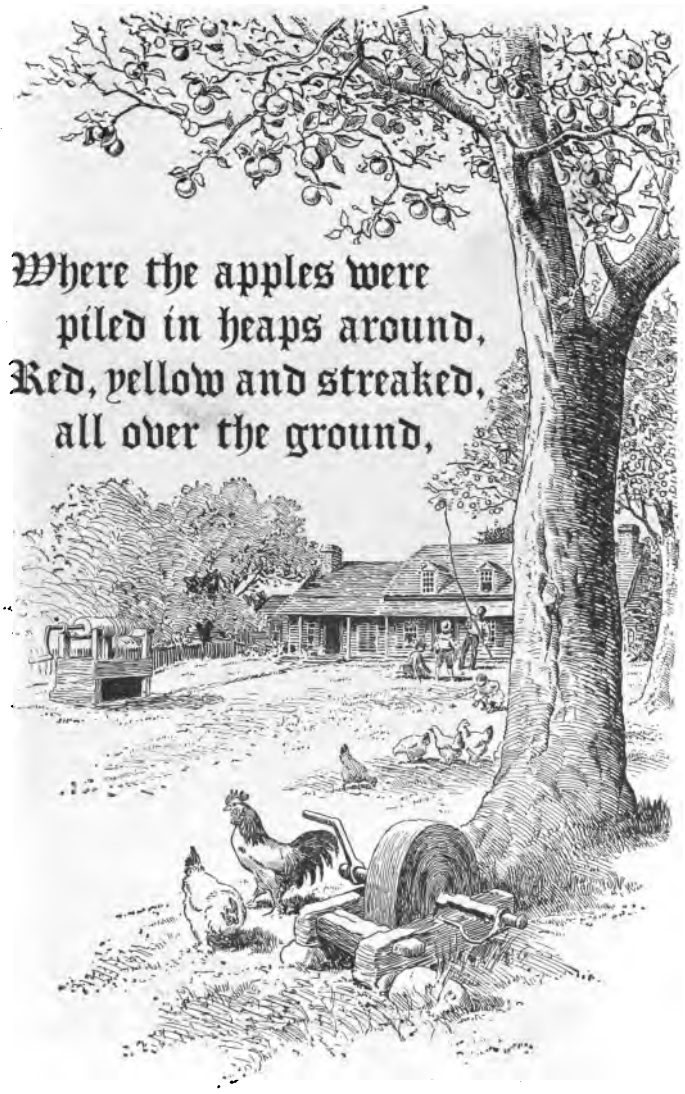
THE OLD CIDER MILL ROAD.

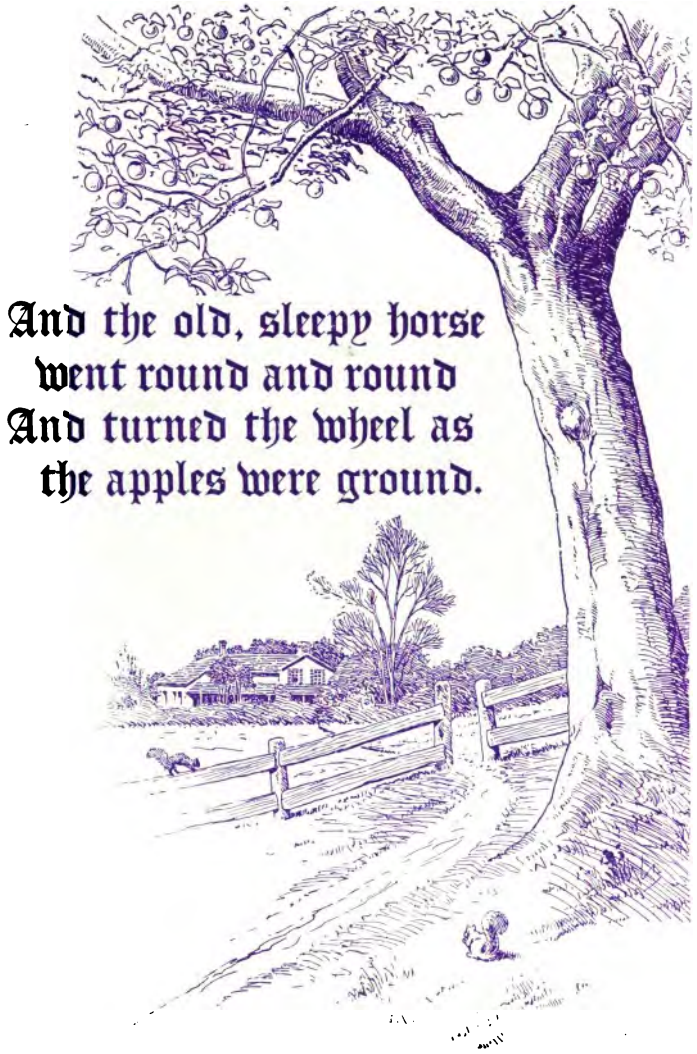
The Old Cider Mill


I always have said
and I say it yet,

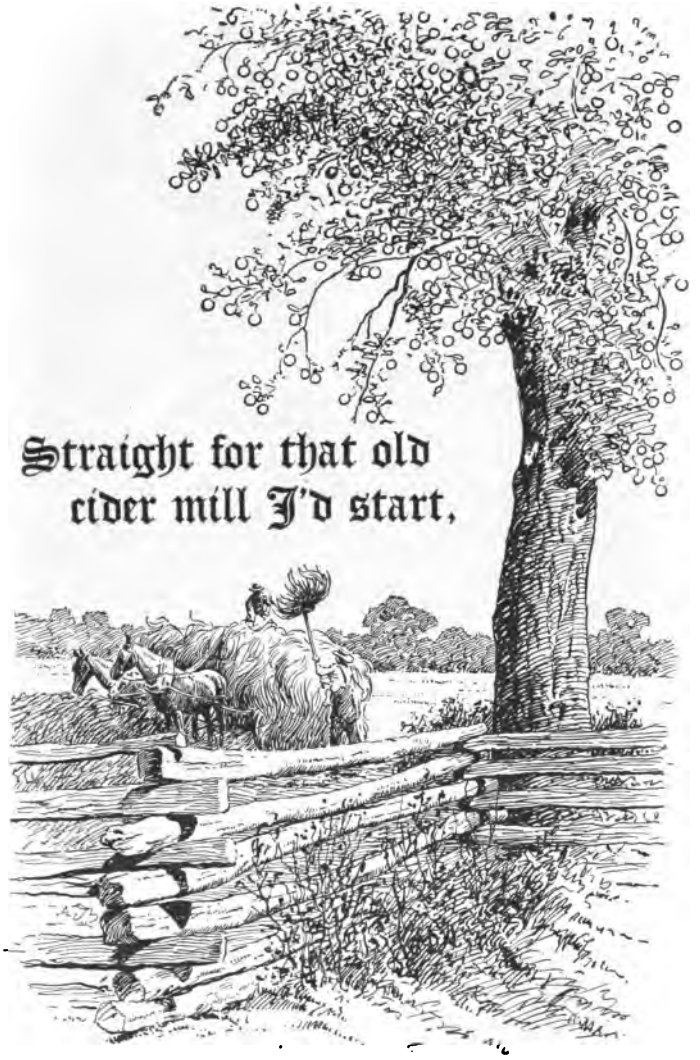
That if I could be
young again
for fifteen minutes,

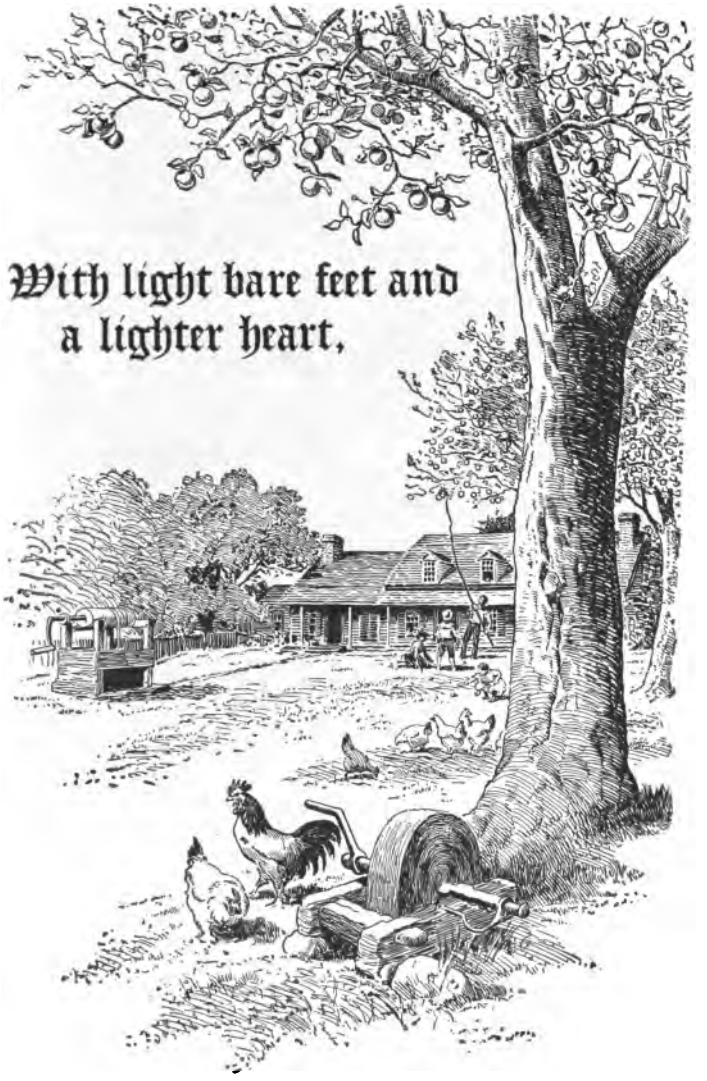

I'd make a bee line
to the old mill hidden
by tangled vines

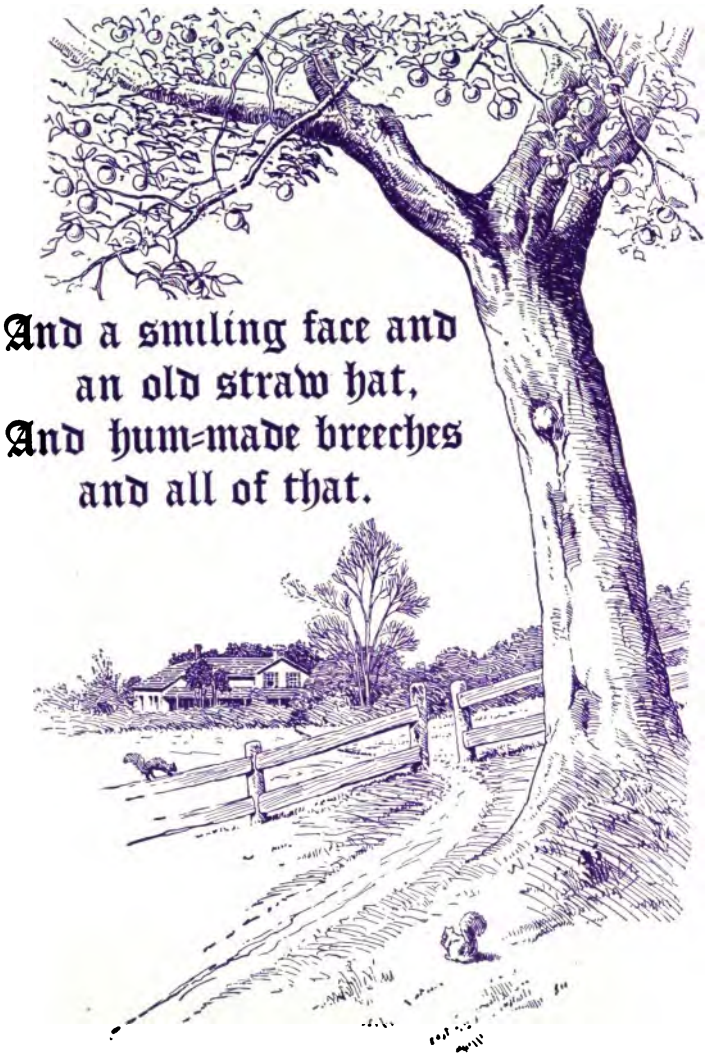

Where the apples were
piled in heaps around,
Red, yellow and streaked,
all over the ground,

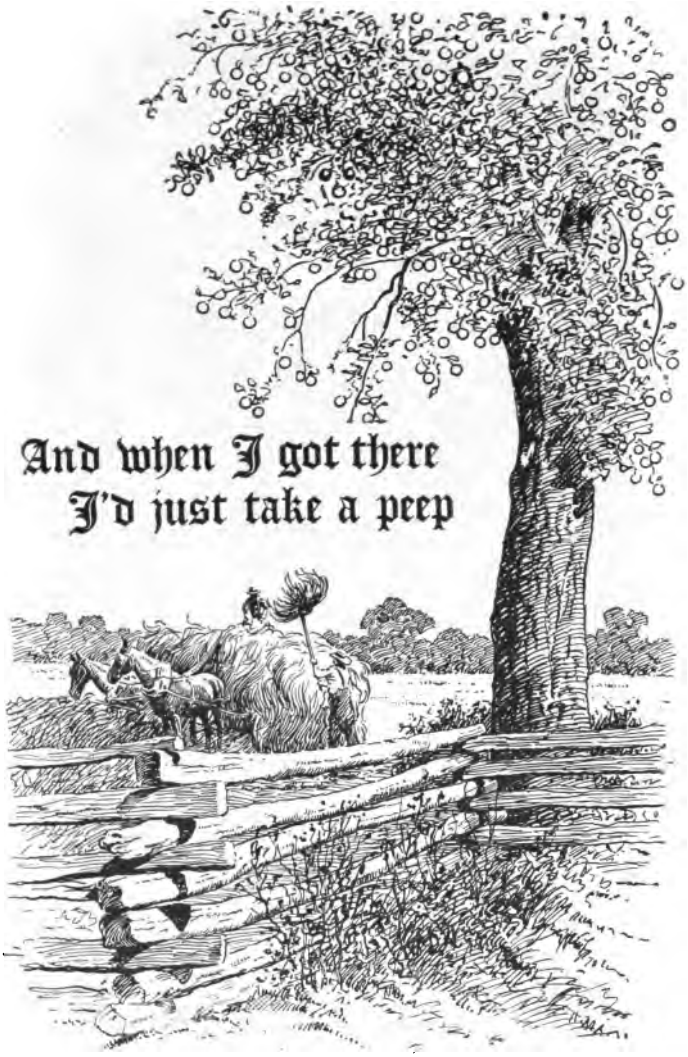


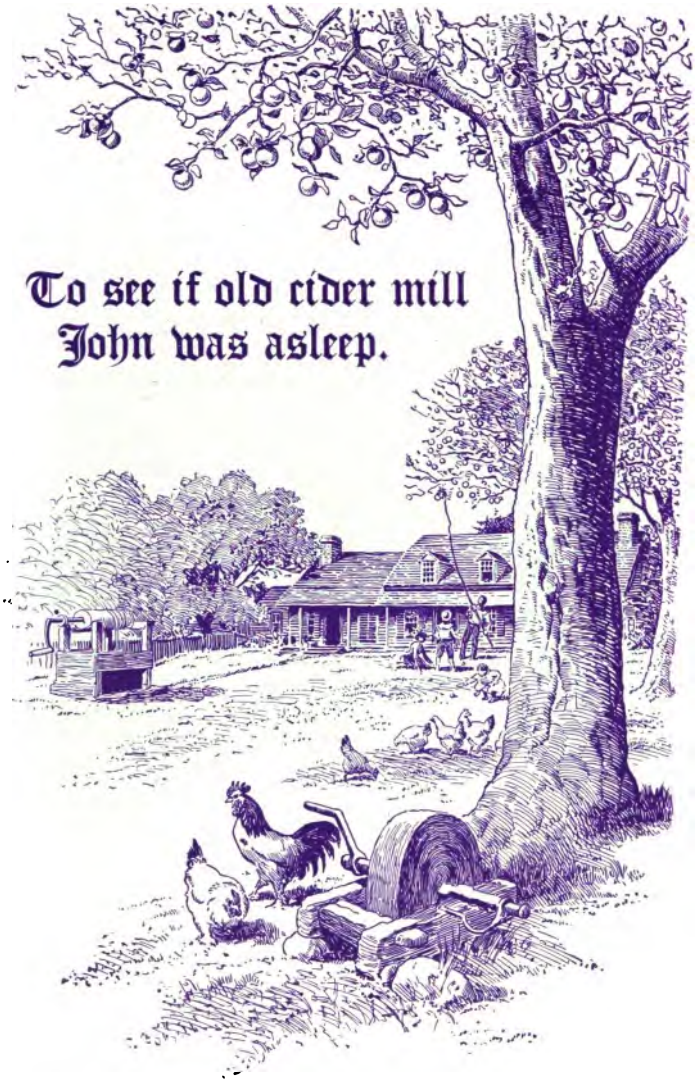
And the old, sleepy horse
went round and round
And turned the wheel as
the apples were ground.

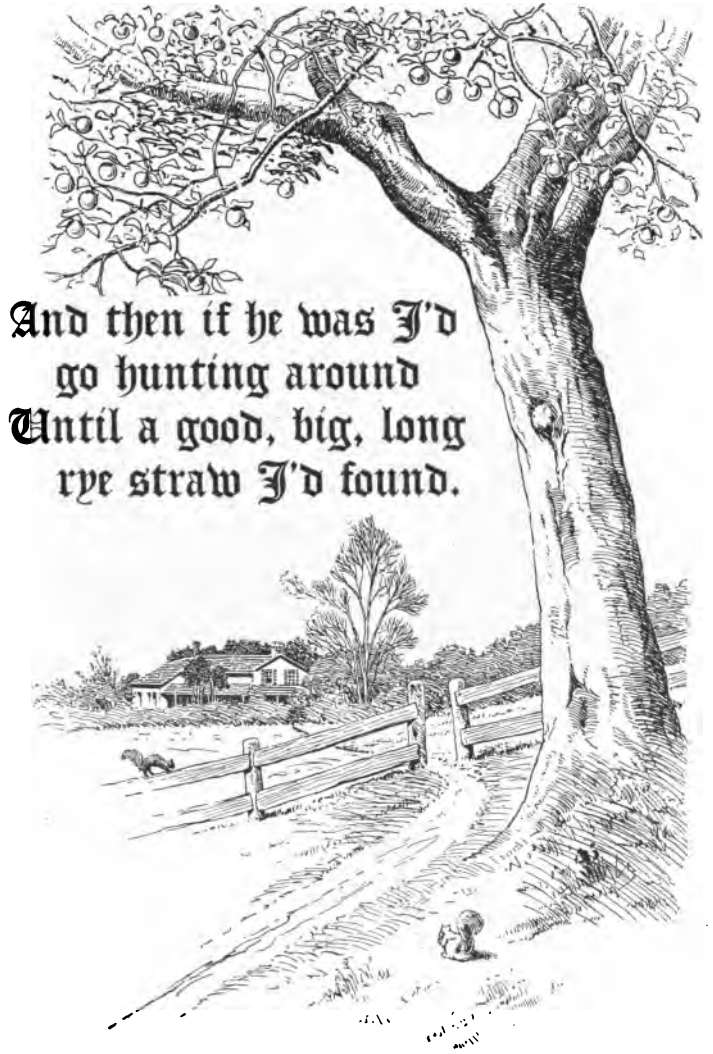

Straight for that old
cider mill I'd start,

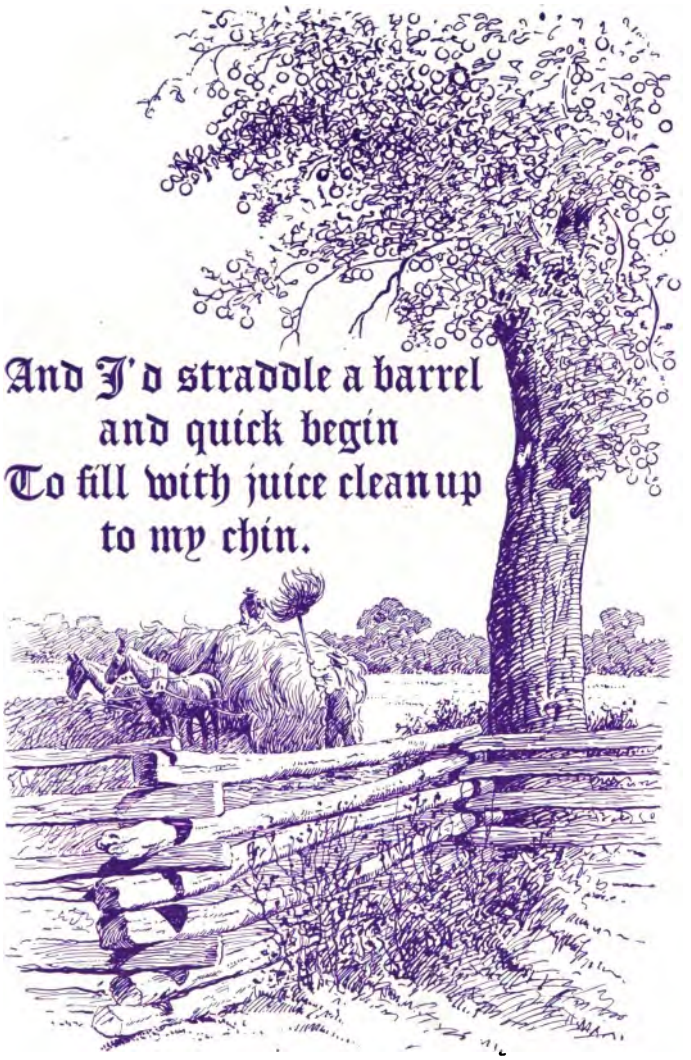

With light bare feet and
a lighter heart,


And a smiling face and
an old straw hat,
And hum-made breeches
and all of that.

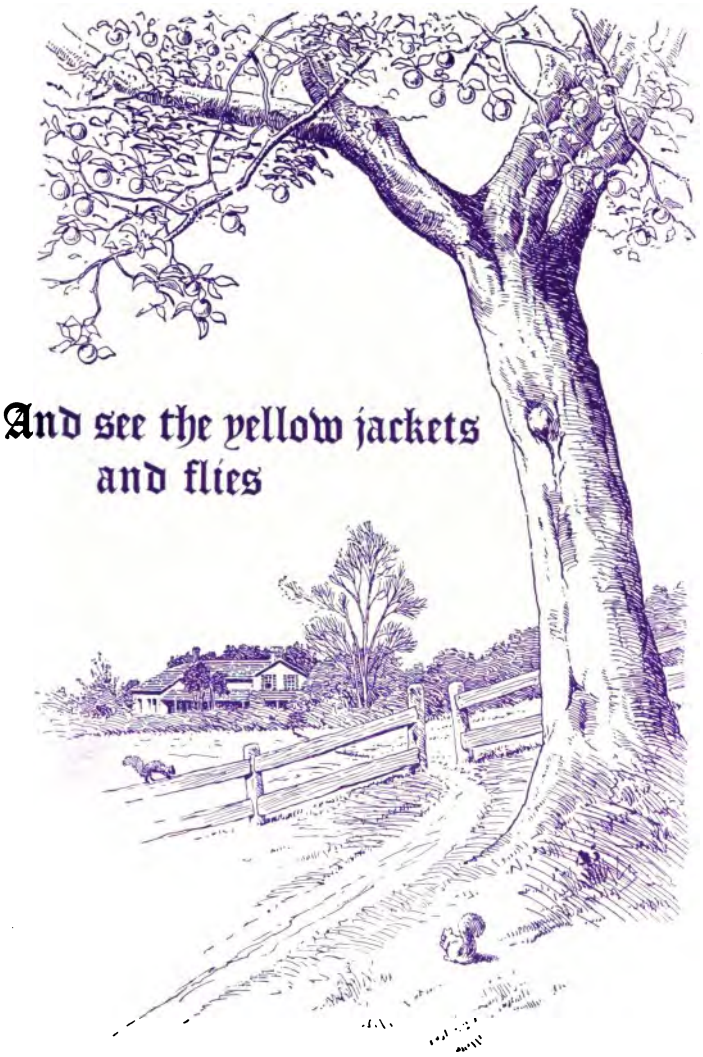

And when I got there
I'd just take a peep


To see if old cider mill
John was asleep.


And then if he was I'd
go hunting around
Until a good, big, long
rye straw I'd found.

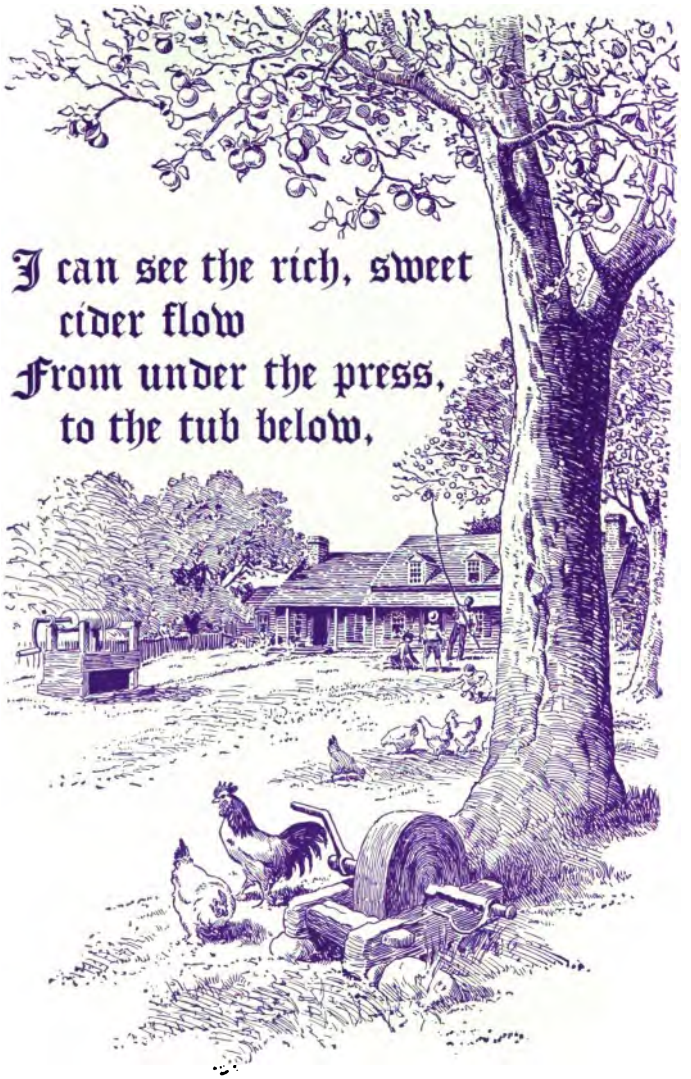

And I'd straddle a barrel
and quick begin
To fill with juice clean up
to my chin.

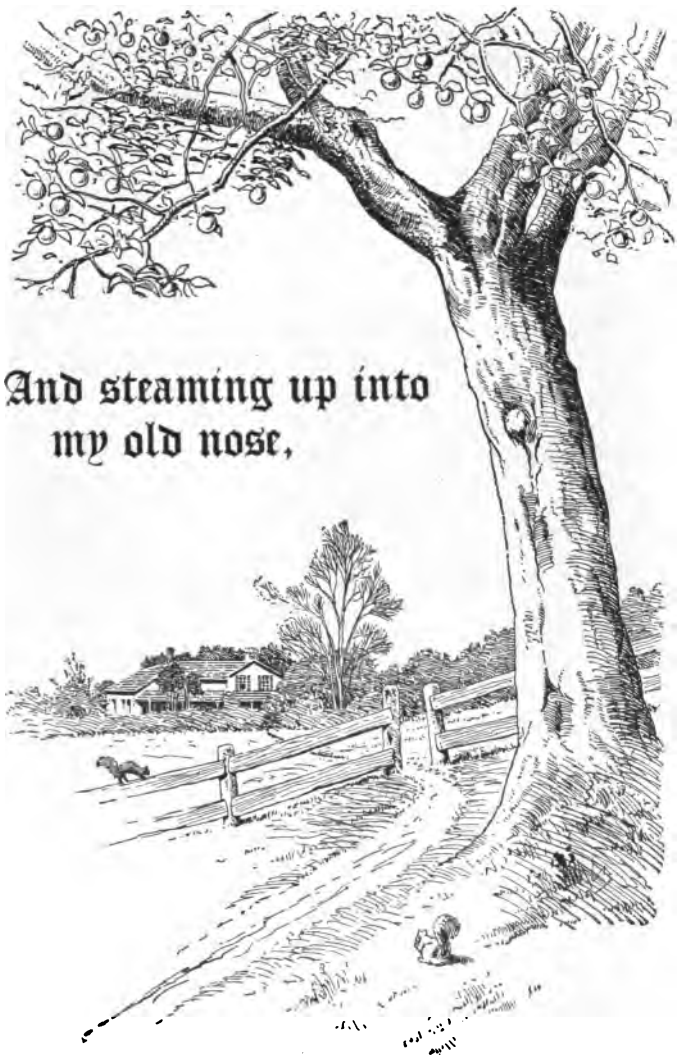
As old as I am I can
shut my eyes

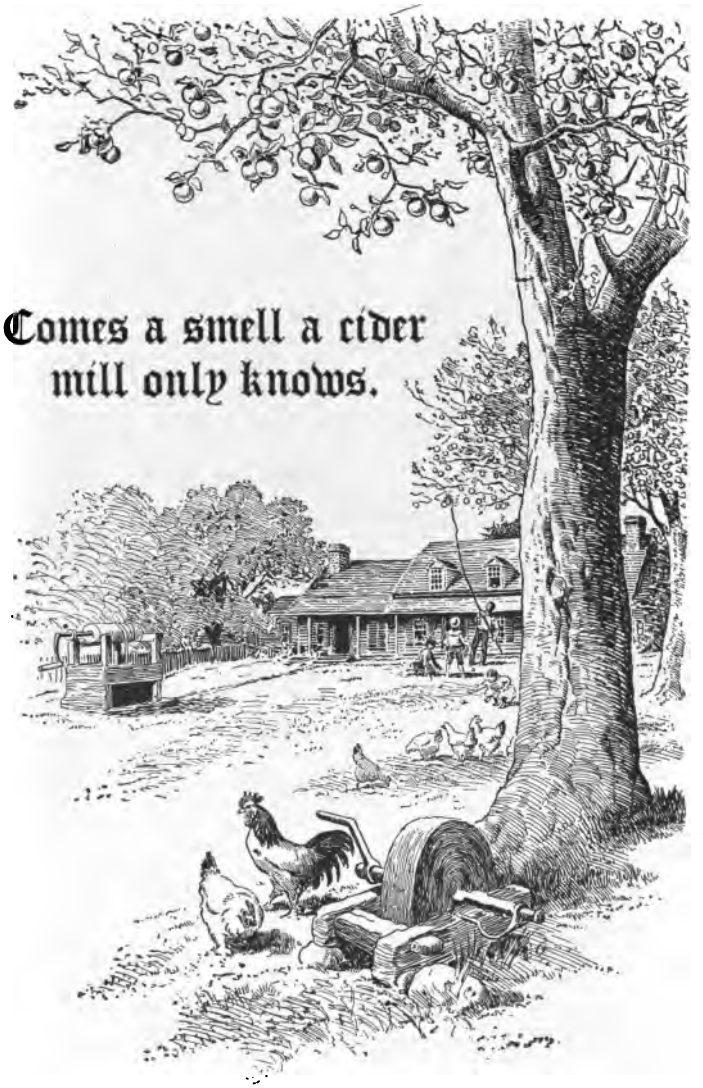

And see the yellow jackets
and flies

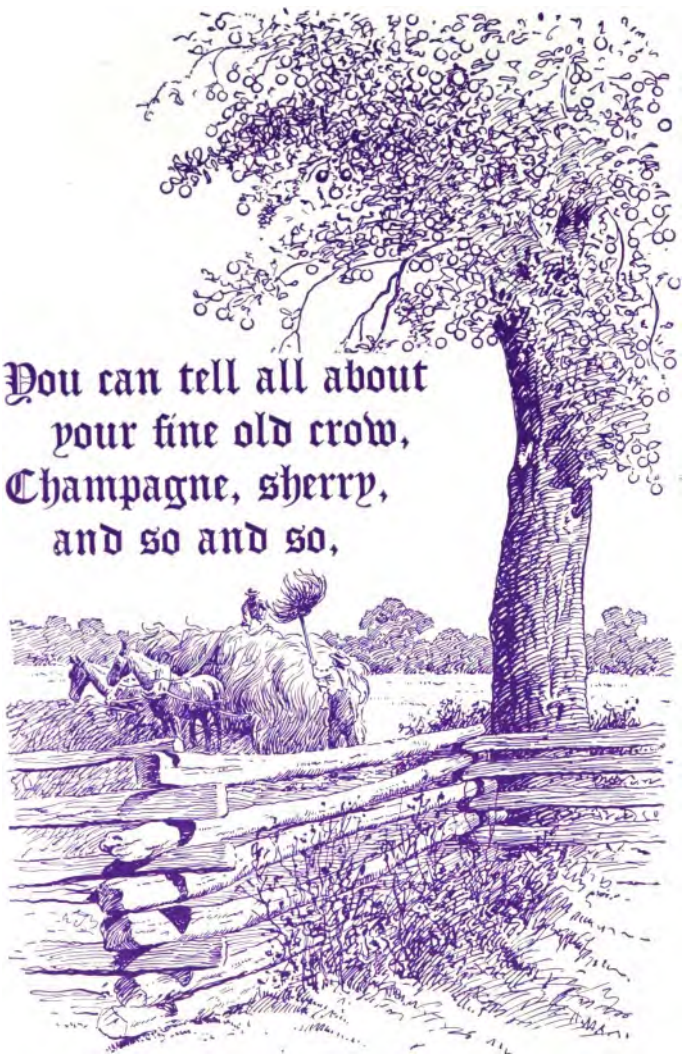
A-swarming around the
juicy cheese

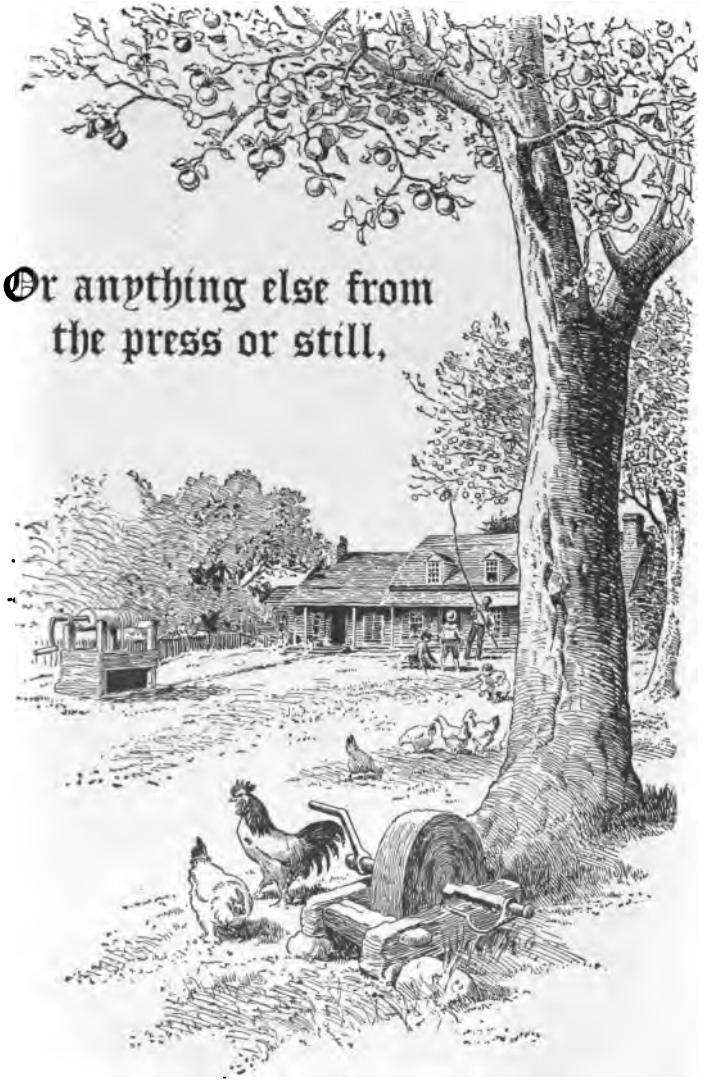
And bung-holes,
Drinking as much as
they please.

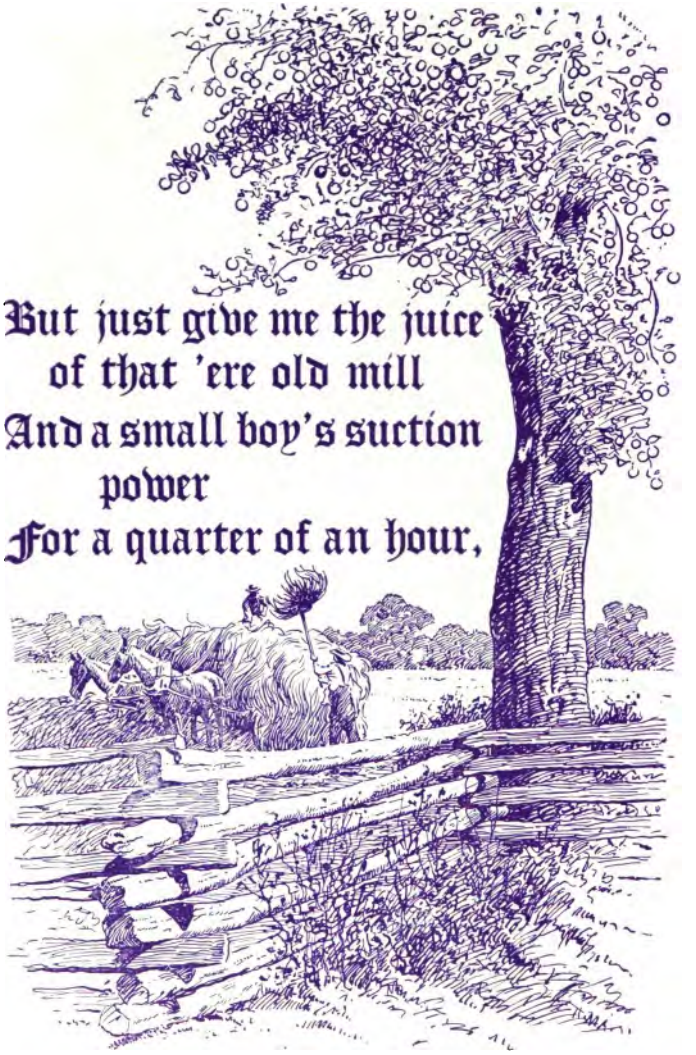

I can see the rich, sweet
cider flow
From under the press,
to the tub below,

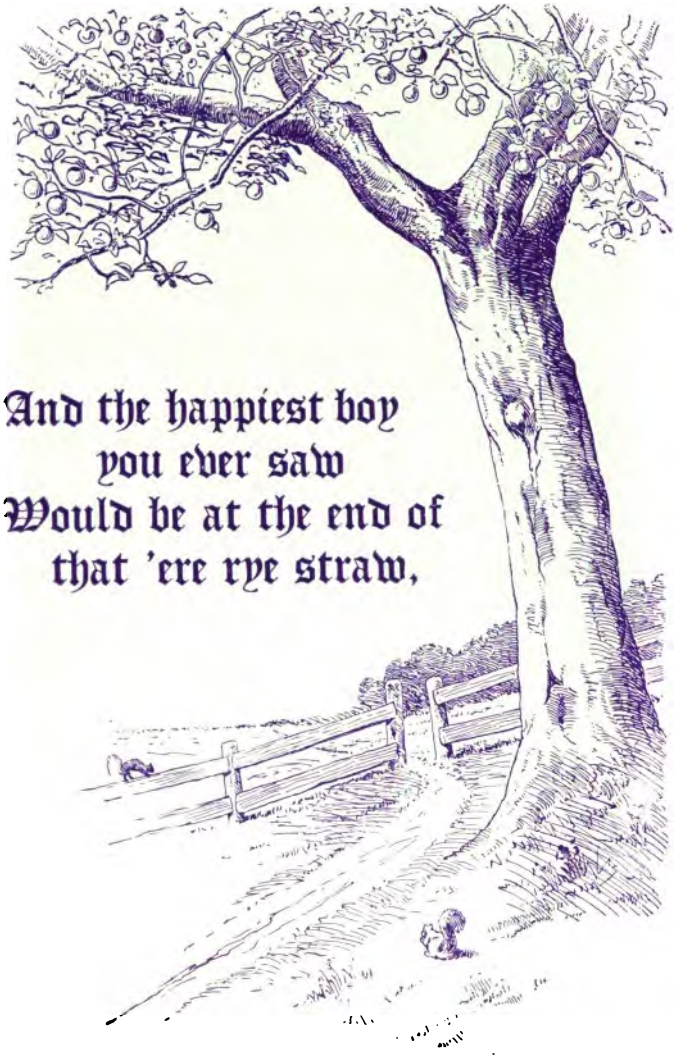

And steaming up into
my old nose,


Comes a smell a cider
mill only knows.

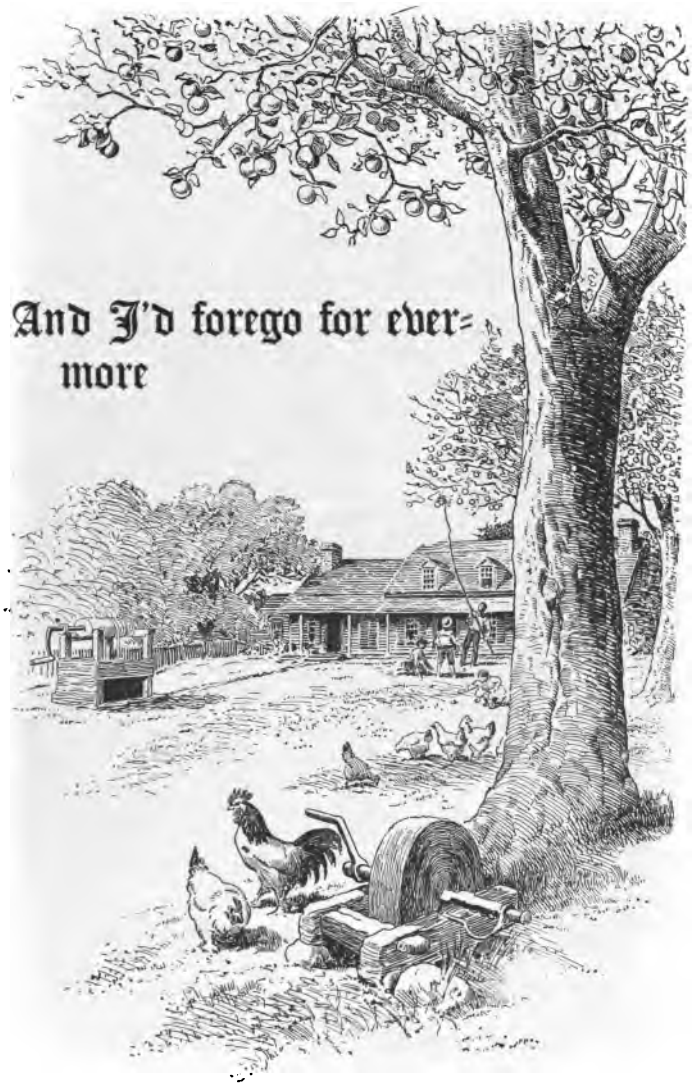

You can tell all about
your fine old crow,
Champagne, sherry,
and so and so,

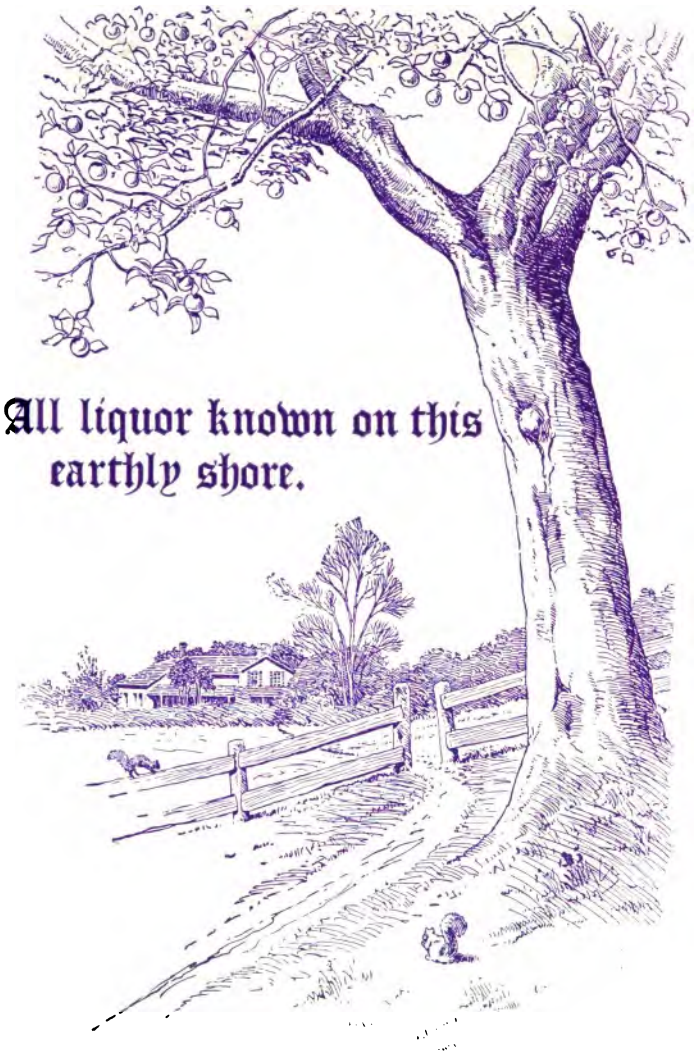

Or anything else from
the press or still,


But just give me the juice
of that 'ere old mill
And a small boy's suction
power
For a quarter of an hour,


And the happiest boy
you ever saw
Would be at the end of
that 'ere rye straw,

As long as the power of
suction stood
And the cider tasted
good.

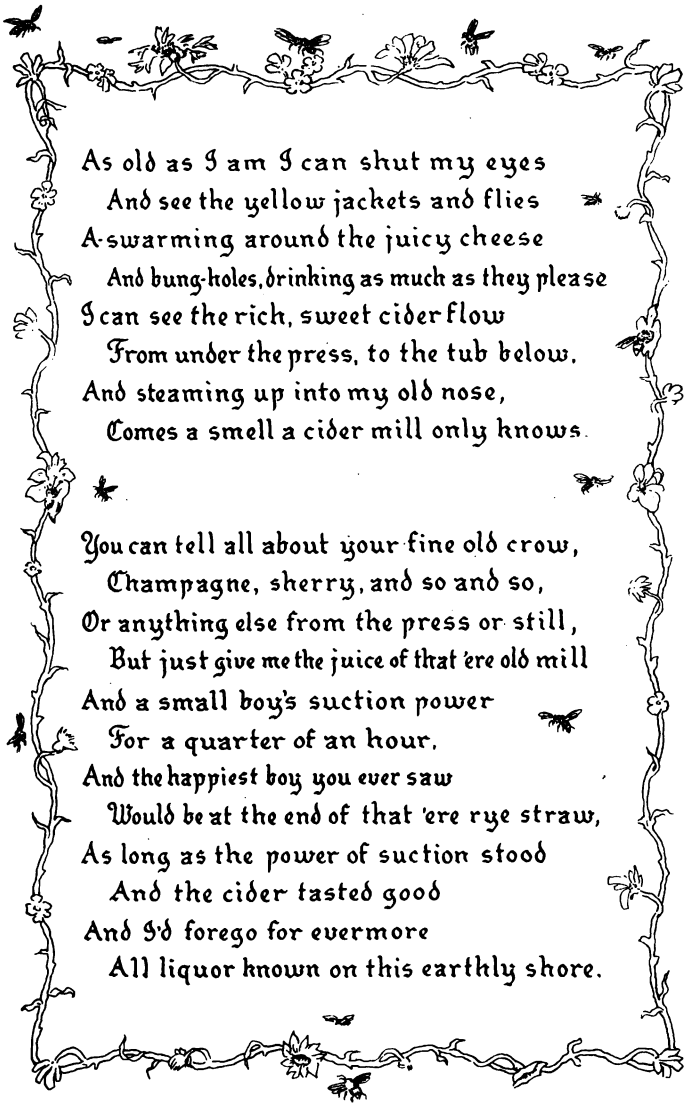

And I'd forego for ever=
more


All liquor known on this
earthly shore.

The Old Cider Mill.

I always have said and I say it yet,
That if I could be young again for fifteen minutes
I'd make a bee line to the old mill hidden by tangled vines
Where the apples were piled in heaps around,
Red, yellow and streaked, all over the ground,
And the old, sleepy horse went round and round
And turned the wheel as the apples were ground.

Straight for that old mill I'd start,
With light bare feet and a lighter heart,
And a smiling face and an old straw hat,
And hum-made breeches and all of that.
And when I got there I'd just take a peep
To see if old cider mill John was asleep.
And then if he was I'd go hunting around
Until a good, big, long rye straw I'd found.
And I'd straddle a barrel and quick begin
To fill with juice clean up to my chin.



As old as I am I can shut my eyes
And see the yellow jackets and flies
A-swarming around the juicy cheese
And bung-holes, drinking as much as they please
I can see the rich, sweet cider flow
From under the press, to the tub below.
And steaming up into my old nose,
Comes a smell a cider mill only knows.

You can tell all about your fine old crow,
Champagne, sherry, and so and so,
Or anything else from the press or still,
But just give me the juice of that 'ere old mill
And a small boy's suction power
For a quarter of an hour.
And the happiest boy you ever saw
Would be at the end of that 'ere rye straw,
As long as the power of suction stood
And the cider tasted good
And I'd forego for evermore
All liquor known on this earthly shore.

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